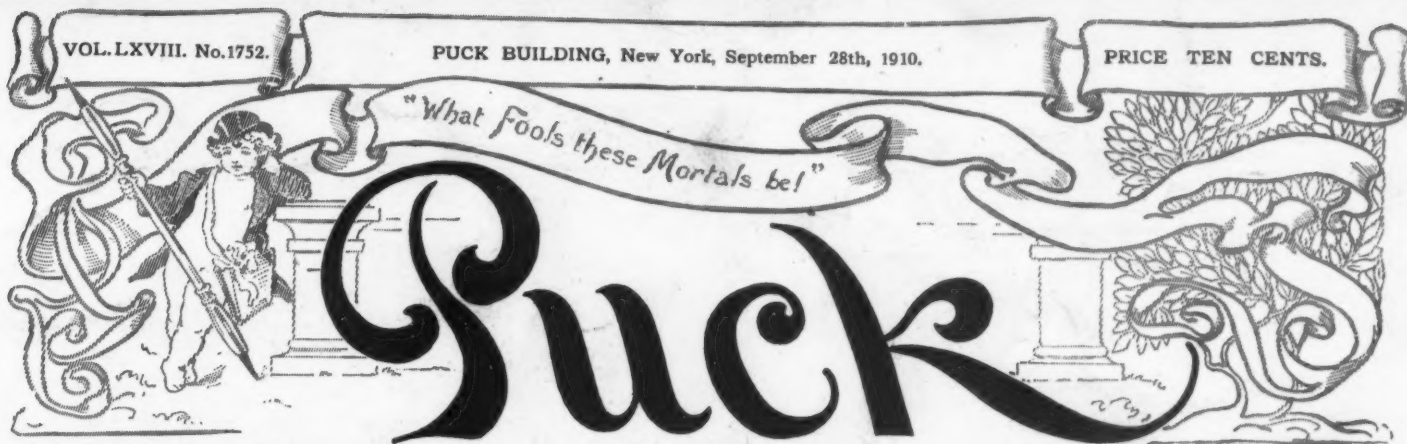


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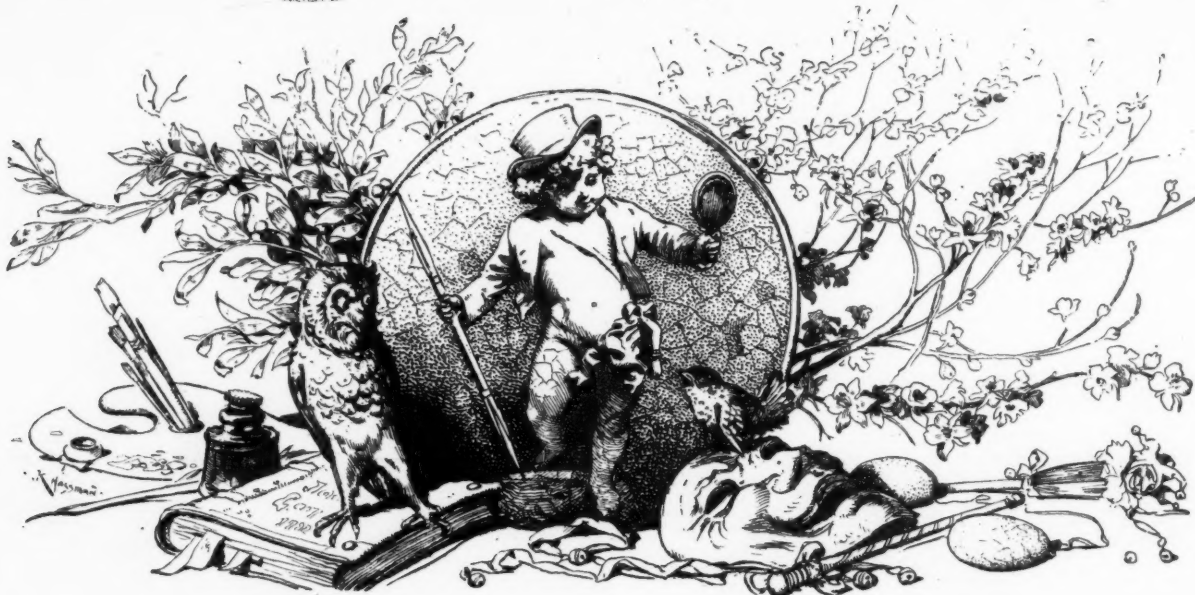
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THE PUCK PRESS

"THE NEW NATIONALISM."



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

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Cartoons and Comments

THE NEW NATIONALISM. PROFESSIONAL press-agents and publicity promoters generally turn emerald with envy when they contemplate the Colonel. All he has to do to start tongues a-wagging and newspaper presses a-clanging the country over is to coin a term like "the New Nationalism." Publicity follows naturally in carload lots. Seemingly there is no limit to the output. Just what the New Nationalism means, it is doubtful if many can tell comprehensively, but the growing frequency with which we meet it in daily newspaper comment suggests that "My Policies" hold the center of the stage no longer. We would prefer not to decide off-hand for all the people of the United States whether the New Nationalism is a menace or a boon. Enough opinions are being expressed on the subject every day to make still another entirely superfluous, but there is one kind of new nationalism that has our heartiest approval. That is the nationalism which obliterates, which is now obliterating, the old lines of political bigotry and partisan prejudice, and is substituting rapidly a public opinion better able by far to cope effectively with the problems of the present day. That opinion has been voiced unmistakably "from Maine to California,"—whether by Democrats or Republicans matters not; and while there is ample evidence of such a new nationalism at large in the country, the many pros and cons as to Colonel ROOSEVELT's pet project, from our point of view, become relatively unimportant.

TARIFF Reformers are much indebted to the present Collector of the port of New York. By his adamant attitude toward *de luxe* smugglers, by the pitiless publicity with which he has balked their efforts at duty dodging, Mr. LOEB has done as much for tariff reform as a car full of campaign pamphlets. Some of the would-be smugglers are in lines of business in this country which enjoy the protection of choice tariff schedules; one might almost say with safety that it is the tariff bounty which they receive which makes them prosperous enough to tour Europe and purchase all kinds of costly raiment there. This they have no conscientious scruples about

bringing through the Custom House undeclared, but as staunch advocates of Republican "prosperity" they would frown no doubt upon the humble citizen who cannot afford to travel in Europe but who, like themselves, would relish the privilege of buying in an open market, instead of in a market controlled by Monopoly. A low tariff, or Free Trade, it seems, is right for the rich who go abroad, but wrong for poorer folk who stay home.

WHILE the closing up of gambling joints and dens of evil is something to a mayor's credit, Mayor GAYNOR's greatest service to the public so far has been the partial closing up of HEARST.

"I AVOID the man who seeks trouble with me once, possibly twice, but the third time he will have a scrap. He does n't make me feel sorrowful. He makes me want to reach him on the point of the jaw."—T. R.

More light upon the New Nationalism.



THE TEMPTATION OF NEW YORK'S SAINT ANTHONY.

PUCK



TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN GOLDSTEIN, THE RETIRED DEPARTMENT-STORE PROPRIETOR, BECAME ROAD COMMISSIONER.

IF THEY COACHED GLEE CLUBS

THE WAY THEY DO FOOTBALL TEAMS.

BOOZE WATKINS is back. The Glee Club season of 1910 is on. Last night at 8:15 Booze Watkins took charge of the squad, and in two jumps had things zinging for another championship season. Among the newcomers two Freshmen, F. Ziebling and A. H. Ramsey, showed up well in singing at the dummy and handling high-balls, and for youngsters who have been out of prep. less than eight months they have remarkable bar manners.

Chuck Henry, who has been putting them over at Baritone, was given the solo in Part Two, replacing Tod Williams. Booze states that Tod is overtrained and stale, and needs a good rest. Tod is a first-class man, but he should not have accepted that position as cheer-leader last fall.

Bum Hanson is going to have a thorough trial at Second Tenor. Booze says that Bum is the goods even if he can't sing, and will make things zip on the trips. Yap Hawkins was sent to the side-lines for striking a false note. Twelve sharp numbers were indulged in, after which the squad was given a brisk run over the chromatic scales. Buck Henderson, the smashing first tenor of the great '05 team, jumped into uniform again, although it was only three in the afternoon, and injected ginger into the high notes. Booze says he expects four more tenors and at least two basses to help him out before the big concert.

ALL THE RAGE.

THE FARMER.—But, great gosh, Susan! What could you do to earn a livin' if ye went to New York?

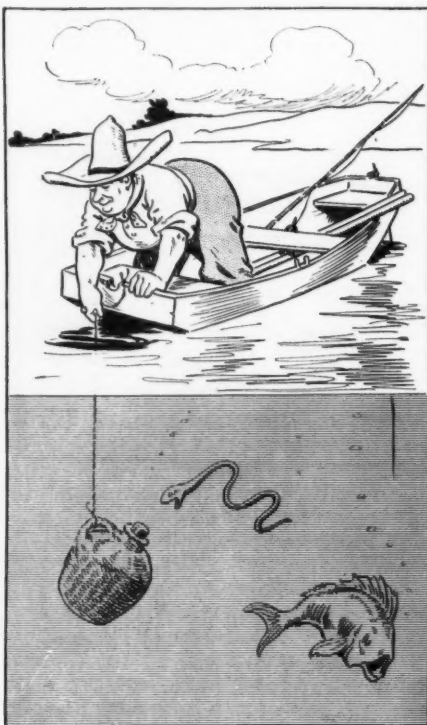
HIS DAUGHTER.—Why, I could write my experiences for some magazine, could n't I?



THE MODERN WILD WEST.

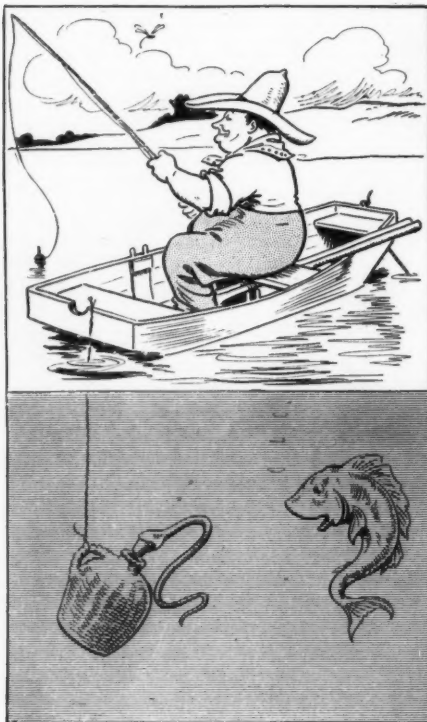
SHERIFF'S POSSE IN PURSUIT OF AUTO THIEVES.

The sea of life is getting to be very considerably littered with the stratus which quackery has thrown out for drowning men to grasp.



I.
The fisherman sinketh some liquid refreshment over the stern to cool.

and a pause and then one long tap; that's the code for a prowling malefactor. Thereupon, the nearest man to the fire-bell rings that. (There's a code for that, too, so that the firemen may understand that it's a man-hunt and not a fire.) Then the city marshal and the township constable are to turn out with clubs, guns, and a bloodhound, which the council, in their indefinite wisdom, recently purchased, and run to the fire-bell; there they ascertain, from the man who rang the fire-bell, which church-bell it was that rang, then proceed to that particular church, and from thence by



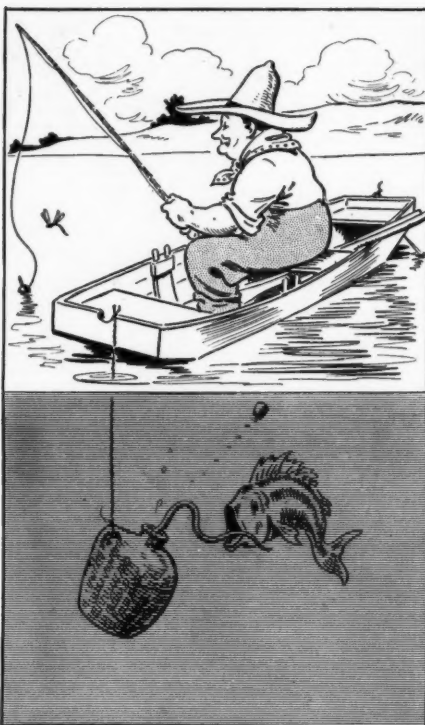
II.
The enterprising eel pryeth the cork from the tempting jug; the fish looketh on.

"HOW IT WORKED."

"THE trouble with many of the happy thoughts and new improvements is that they won't do what is expected of 'em," sadly remarked the landlord of the tavern at Polkville, Ark. "But we've got one here that works like a charm."

"Owing to the abundance of tramps, prowling niggers, impudent agents, and an occasional Congressman-at-large, in our midst, the City Council recently passed an ordinance directing that every home in town be provided with a large tin horn. When the lady of the house was alarmed by a suspicious rover she was to go to the nearest window, open same, and blow her horn, and whatever lady heard the sound should blow a similar horn, and all the ladies who heard that should forthwith blow *their* horns."

"The first man to hear the horns was to run to the nearest church—we have three churches, so one of 'em is bound to be the nearest—and ring the bell; three quick taps

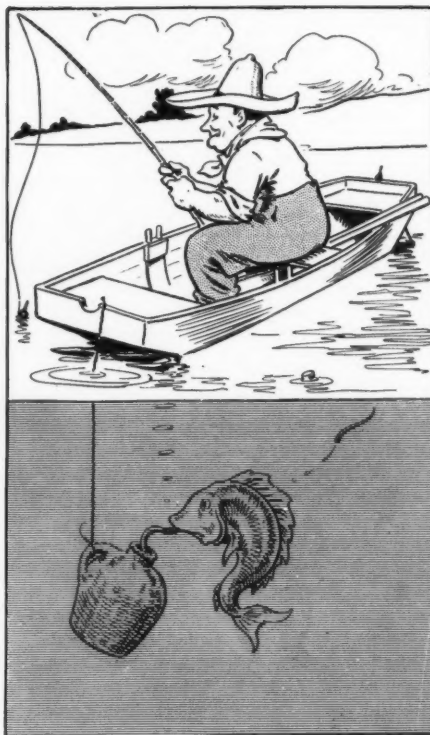


III.
The eel entereth and absorbeth; the fish approacheth and biteth off the eel's extremity.

degrees to the house where the first horn was blown.

"At half-past three o'clock yesterday afternoon Mrs. Luella Oglesby looked out of her west upstairs window toward Mrs. Ducky Burcher's east window, and blew her horn vigorously. Mrs. Burcher, with great presence of mind, ran to the west window of her residence, and blew her horn. Numerous other ladies heard and blew their horns. One gentleman ran and rang the Methodist bell, and another duly rang the fire-bell."

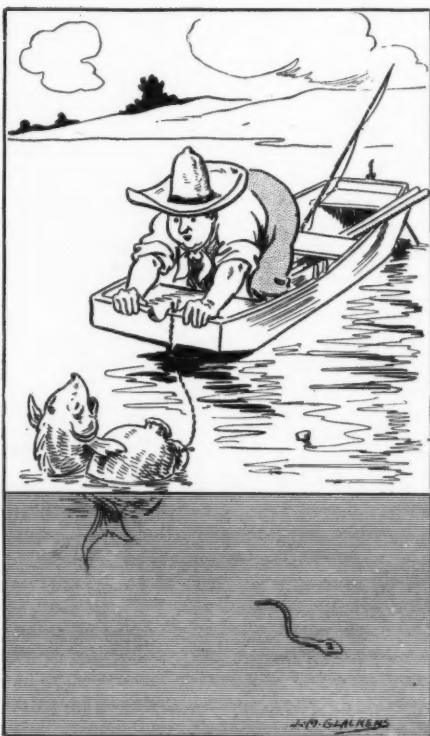
"The marshal, having been thus informed that a crisis was at hand, rushed to the office, and awakened the bloodhound and unleashed the constable—or *vice-versy*—and all armed themselves as provided by the ordinance and set out to chase down the alarm to the place of beginning, accompanied by as many of the population as could conveniently or inconveniently go; also, the fire company, who had mislaid the slip on which the bell-code was written and suspected the alarm was their'n."



IV.
The fish, with human intelligence, useth the eel for a straw.

"True, some demon in human form stole the bloodhound, and there were sundry fights and faints, and a near-by widow discovered an elderly gentleman, to whom she had never been introduced, half drowned in her cistern, and it was presently learned that, instead of being menaced by a miscreant, Mrs. Oglesby merely wished to call the attention of Mrs. Burcher to some portion of the attire of a strange lady who was passing; still, the plan undoubtedly brought the officers there, which is the only point I set out to make when I began."

Tom P. Morgan.

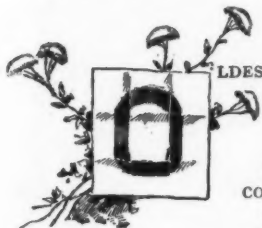


V.
The fish getteth a lovely souse; the man getteth an empty jug; the eel getteth away.

FRUITS OF THE RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

I.

[SCENE: Postoffice and General Store kept by Hod Perkins at Goshen Four Corners. Usual props, cracker-barrels, round wood-stove, cheese, whiskers, etc. The month is November. The year, say, 1890.]



OLDEST INHABITANT.—An' so we was brigaded with the Tenth Ohio an' the Twenty-second Noo York. Grant, he had give orders . . .

GIL WORDEN (*entering*).—Gosh, ain't it cold! Darndest fur November I ever see!

CHORUS.—Hello, Gil!

GIL (*looking around at the assembly*).—

Hello, Luke! Hello, Bill! Hello, Steve! etc., etc.

STEVE.—Got any potatoes you kin spare, Gil? I went an' sold myself short.

OLDEST INHABITANT.— . . . we was to march next day . . .

BILL.—I seen Halliday goin' over Chester way t' other night. Ain't he sparkin' someone over that way now?

HOD PERKINS.—Yeh, cheese is 'way up. Folks ain't makin' much cheese now. Most of the farmers is sellin' whole milk . . . What's that, Joe? Them cans? No, they ain't nothin' in them cans. Them's dummies. That drummer you see in here the other day . . .

OLDEST INHABITANT (*to a solitary listener*).— . . . the night afore the battle . . .

STEVE.—Ol' man Rood's got a bad bull up in Clark's pastur'. First thing you know somebody'll shoot that critter. I heerd it come out on the road an' attacked a party the other day . . .

NEWCOMER (*coming in and slamming the door after him*).—Gosh, ain't it cold! I never see such weather in November!

OLDEST INHABITANT (*quitting his story*).—It ain't nothin' to what we had back, lemme see, in 1876 it was. Why . . .

JAKE.—Marston's got that French Canadian workin' for him again this winter. Tsall right if he likes it. I tell you, though, I don't trust any Canuck . . .

[*This varied and inspiring conversation is carried on until 9 p.m.*]

II.

[SCENE: Same as before, except that the General Store now has a sign over it advising the traveler that it is "THE BIG STORE, Horace M. Perkins, Propr." Another sign says "GASOLINE FOR SALE." Props differ somewhat. The store is now lighted by electricity. Mr. Perkins, who used to be Hod Perkins, presides at the cash-register. The oldest inhabitant is dead. The month is August; the year 1910.]

GIL WORDEN (*sitting down and pulling up his trousers at the knees*).—Has anybody read H. G. Wells's latest book? It's great! Fine delineation of character. I place Wells at the top of the literary profession to-day, bar none.

STEVE (*now STEPHEN*).—I don't know. I'm getting so I prefer the old writers. I was reading *Pride and Prejudice* the other night. There was character drawing! You'd like that book, Jacob.

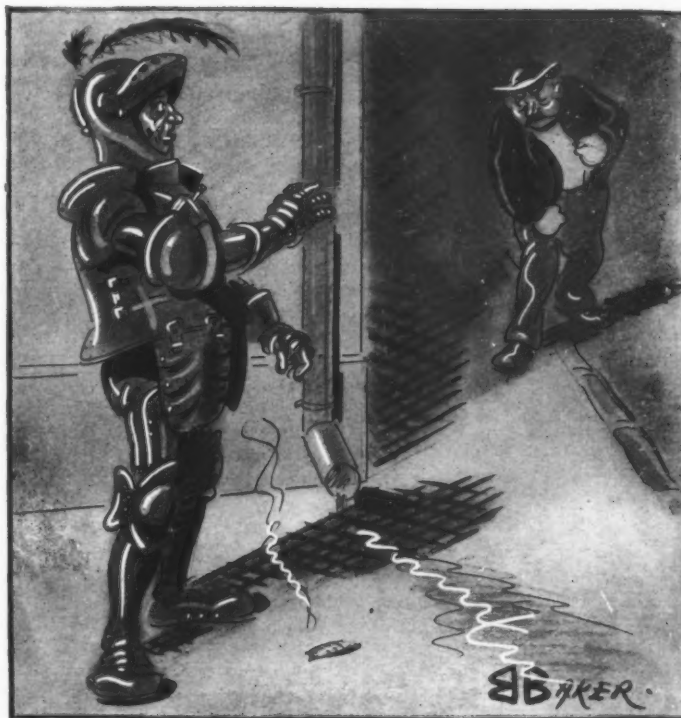
JACOB.—I don't know. The new generation has the chance to see and know things. Rénan said something like that years ago. It was prophetic. What did Dickens know, for instance,



HAD TO.

UNCLE EBEN.—Looks to me as if that express train's goin' faster than usual to-day.

UNCLE EZRA.—'Course it is! Squire Hoskins sent a special-delivery letter to his son in New York this morning, and this was the train it was goin' out on.



AFTER THE COSTUME BALL.

SMITH.—Great Scott! A footpad—and I'm entirely unarmed!

about metaphysical healing? I tell you, you have to be right on the *qui vive* these days! History is making fast.

HORACE PERKINS.—You'll find that nutto-frutto very fine, Mrs. Paxton. Yes, people eat too much meat nowadays. (*Joining the conversation*.) I have to be more or less of a pragmatist.

BILL (*now WILLIAM*).—I read a fine essay in *The Dial* last week on the subject of . . .

JACOB.—Hamilton Mabie says that we should . . .

STEPHEN.— . . . the regeneration of the stage . . .

HORACE PERKINS.— . . . in defiance of the democratic principle . . .

[*Politeness and suavity reign in this intellectual meeting. The lights go out at 10 p.m. Anyone who was here twenty years ago could see the improvement in manners and in thought methods.*]

Freeman Tilden.

STARS.

HE hitched his wagon to a star, but not with the happiest results.

"Do I look like a brewery horse?" she demanded, glaring savagely.

And when, a moment later, he beheld the benignity with which she consented to ride in the automobile of one who never heard of Emerson, he resolved to put no more trust in philosophers.

Restlessness is the wind that fills the sails of Reform. Now and then Reason gets a trick at the wheel, but not often.

TO THE MAN IN THE STREET.



O PERSONAGE, so widely quoted,
Appealed to and apostrophized!
Of what you read—of how you voted—
E'en of your diet, we're advised
So frequently and at such length, we
Are properly impressed and do
Not grudge the modicum of strength we
Expend in keeping tab on you.

The way things look to you, demurely
Touring the pave—an urban Cook—
Is published broadcast, just as surely
As there is anything to look;
But that *our* viewpoint should be that you
So jauntily assume one can
Scarce grant; for, with your habitat, you
Simply *can't* be the Average Man!

These riddles haunt us, willy-nilly:
What avenue knows you so well?
Is it Broadway or Piccadilly?
Unter den Linden or Pall Mall?
Who *are* you? And (if you have got toes
To crush) how can you, as you scout,
'Mid scorching bikes and skidding autos,
Unscathed, look anywhere but "out"?

Your visual impressions, mostly,
You see, are those held up to view;
And so, 't is curious that ghostly
Enough are those we have of you;
In truth, than you, a shade is more real—
Like good boys, it is "seen, not heard;"
By the same test you're less corporeal
Than the proverbial "little bird"

That tells so much, unseen. Now, pray you,
Renounce *in cog.*; clear up this maze;
Inform us "in what hidden way" you
Pass, vigilantly, all your days;
Beshrew us else, that thoroughfare is
Assured of everlasting fame—
Whether in New York, Rome, or Paris—
If you will but reveal its name!

Man in the Street! If it were Wall, now,
More certainly could one surmise—
'Mid hopes that rise, now; stocks that fall, now—
What opened to such width your eyes.
Nay, more! If that were your location
We'd have you "spotted;" you would be—
With reasons for your elevation—
Our old, old friend—Man-Up-a-Tree!

Frank Preston Smart.



JOHN TALCONER

IN A CRITICAL STATE.

SOPHOMORE.—What's the matter, old pal? You look sick.
SENIOR.—I *am* sick. Just gone through a blamed serious operation.
Had my allowance cut!



THE LAUNCHING.

THE FAIR SPONSOR (as the car slides out the garage).—I christen thee Two-hundred-and-twenty-two-thousand-six-hundred-and-thirty-nine New York!

JUST A LITTLE FAVOR.

"SO YOU'RE a-goin' back to New York to-morrow, eh?" said Uncle Eb Cobb to the city boarder.

"Yes; got to go. My playtime has come to an end. Got to go back and go to work."

"Yes, I reckon. Well, I wonder if you'd be willin' to do me a little favor when you git to New York."

"Certainly, certainly. Glad to oblige you. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I got a nephew there named Jones. His mother was my sister. His name is Ed Jones an' he lives somewhere there in New York, but I ain't got his address. Had it, but don't seem able to find it now. My wife an' me thought it would be nice to send Ed an' his wife a few things right from the farm, an' I was wonderin' if you would be willin' to take him a pair o' chickens an' a dozen ears o' corn an' a few of our fall pippins an' a dozen or two o' eggs an' a green-tomater pie like he used to be so fond of when he was a boy here in the country. We'd like to send him a bottle o' maple sirup an' another o' ripe gooseberry jam an' a little jar o' sweet pickle an' a bottle o' ketchup such as I bet he can't buy there in the city, if it'd be convenient for you to carry them. His full name is Edward Everett Jones. I reckon you'd find him in the city d'rectory. I'll fetch the things over to the hotel this evenin' in a carpet-bag that was Ed's great-grandfather's, an' mebbe he would like to have it as well as what's in it. Much obliged to you for the favor o' takin' those things to Ed. I reckon he'll be some s'prised when he gits 'em. Mother thinks she'd like to send Ed a little kitten in a box if it would n't be too much trouble for you to take it."

M. M.





BOTH REELING.

BYSTANDER (*as everybody ducks for cover*).—What's the matter?
CITIZEN.—Jones is coming up one side of the street with a jag,
and his wife is coming up the other side with a hobble skirt on.

BACK TO THE FARM.



FARMER'S fossiliferous
Who thinks his cows corniferous
Will ever be lactiferous
On bran or grass or hay.
Each barnyard covered over,
And a "silo" made of clover,
With a fair per cent. of "stover,"
Is the only modern way.

In raising crops albuminous
One fact is fairly luminous—
The need of the "leguminous"
Is something one should know.
Unless your plants endogenous
From atmosphere hydrogenous
Extract a bit "nitrogenous"
You'll never make them grow.

And yet it's rather trying,
And a trifle mystifying
On a subject you're implying,
Some familiarity,
To be told that potato hoeing's
Not to keep the weeds from growing,
But, according to the knowing,
For its capillarity.

Get "absorbents" aromatic
And a "float" or two "phosphatic,"
And from out your mental attic
Have a care that you are rid
Of all former ways of mowing,
Planting, plowing, seeding, sowing;
Hay and corn's no longer growing
As your father thought it did.

Frank Hill Pbillips.

WORST OF IT.

CORRESPONDENCE-SCHOOL AGENT.—But our system requires only one hour's work at home each day.

PROSPECTIVE STUDENT.—Yes; but you don't understand what an hour's work at my home means.

BUSINESS NOTES.

It is reported on good authority that a beautiful stenographer, eighteen years of age, was discharged in New York City last week.

Schenectady has a man who gets \$12 a week in a hardware store, and admits it is all he is worth.

For every man promoted on merit in this country last year, sixteen were advanced on "pull" and eleven on pure bluff.

Of the 1,234,543 employees reported ill last year, all but seven were at work on pay-day.

The big industries buy most of the pencils, pens, and pads for the school children of this country.

A cut finger,
which would
not delay
a man five
seconds on
a trout
stream, will
lay an em-
ployee off
for five days.

Most of the clerks who do their work too well always remain clerks.

The time-clock waits
for no man.

There are two classes of people in every office—those who want to borrow money until pay-day, and those who reluctantly loan it.

The "other fellow" always has the better job.

Those that stay the longest and work most faithfully are the least paid.

The "ghost walks" on pay-day when the employee has taken up his wage in advance and gets a receipt in his envelope instead of cash.

Don, Cameron Shafer.

MAKING SURE.

MADGE.—Let's play "He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not."

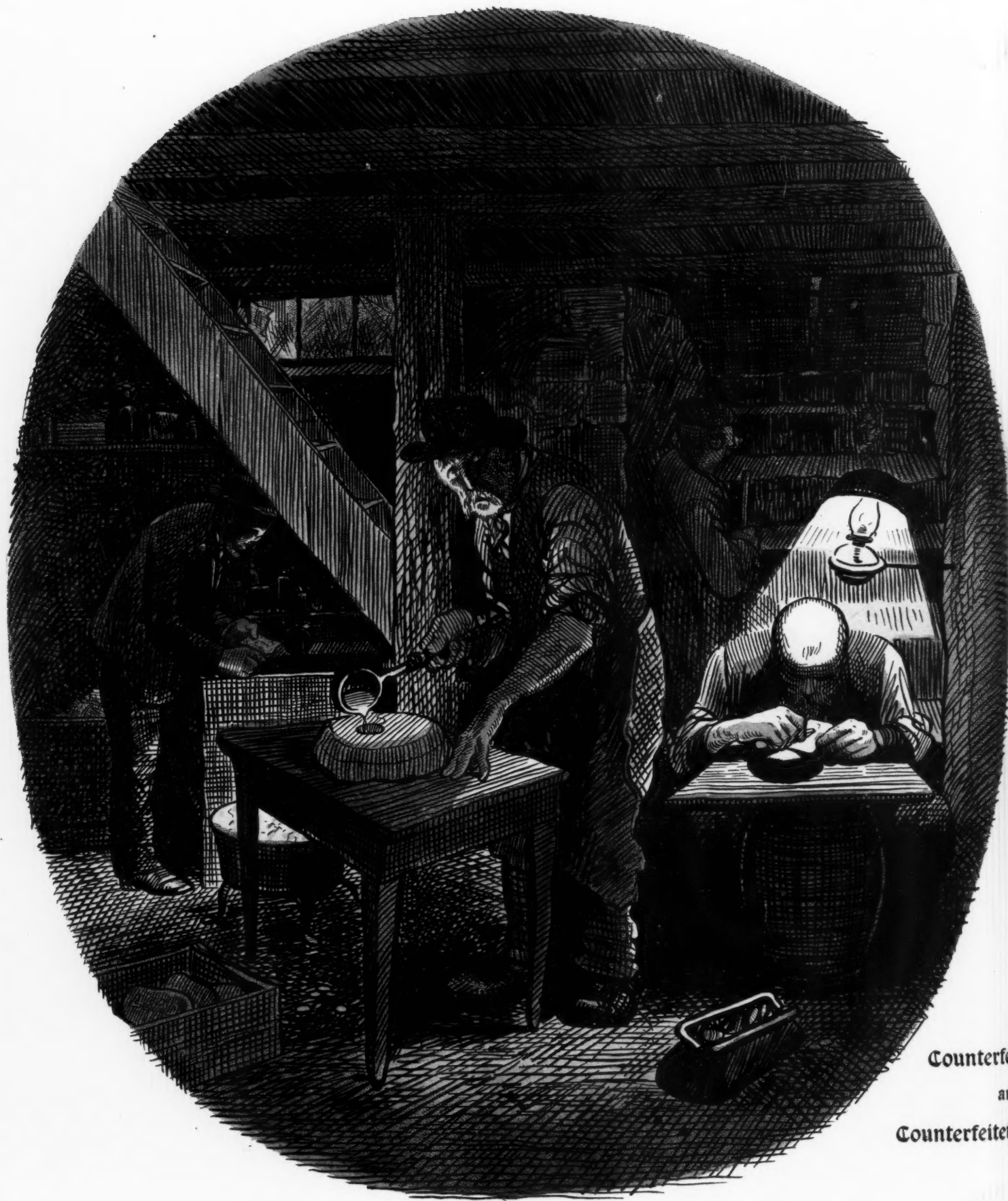
MARJORIE.—Wait, dear, till I get one with the right number of leaves.

Don. Cameron Shafer.



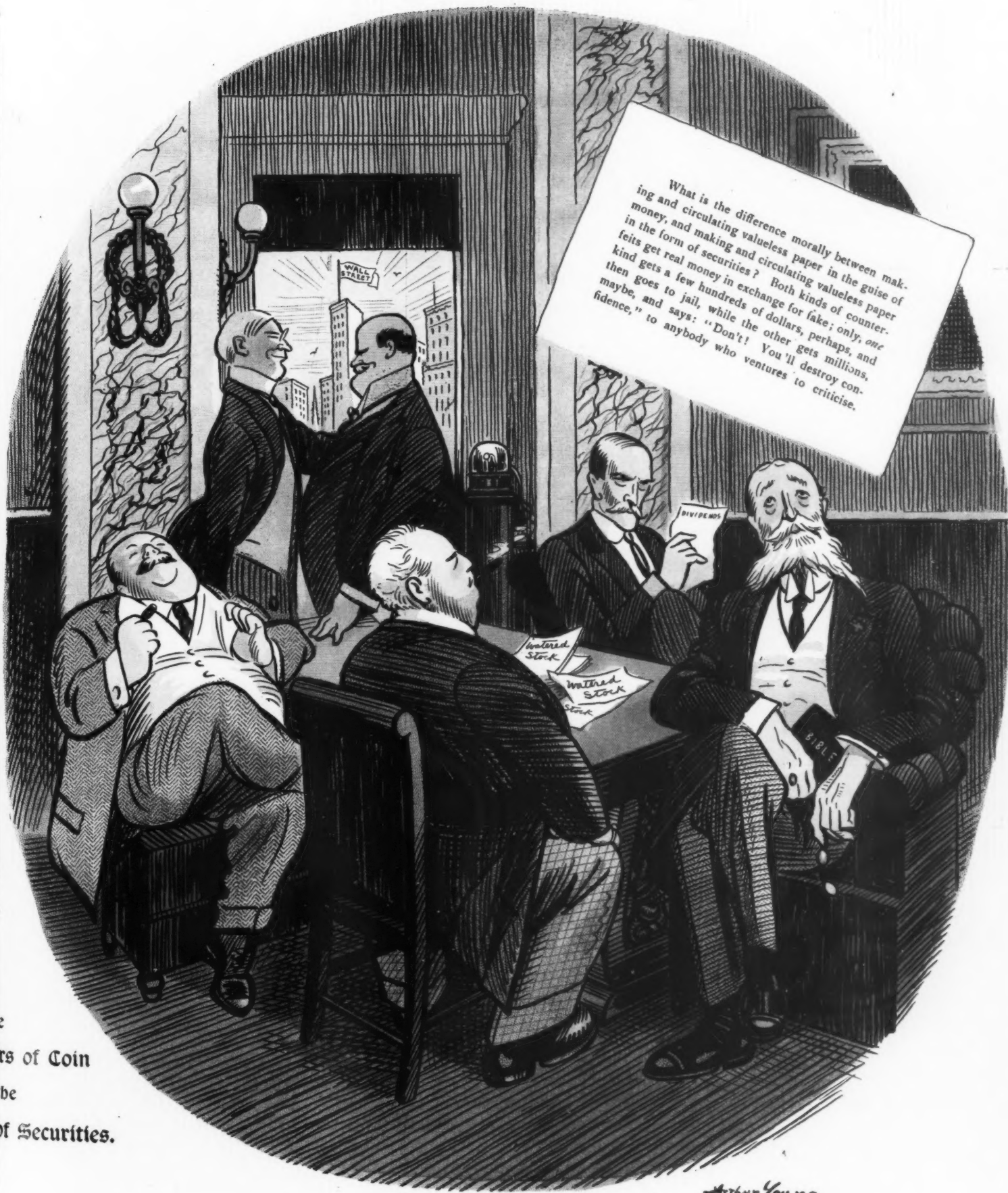
JUROR AND CON-JUROR.

Capital is like a woman—timid, until it gets a monopoly on you.



The
Counterfeiters of
and the
Counterfeiters of Sec

LOW-DOWN AND ILLEGAL.



The
Counterfeiters of Coin
and the
Counterfeiters of Securities.

HIGH-UP AND LEGAL.

Hope & Hips

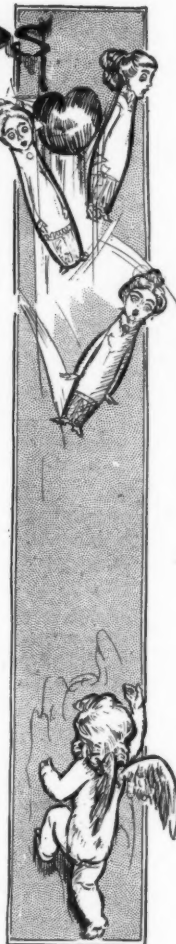


WHEN I was but a bashful lad
Of barely one-and-twenty,
Of youthful love affairs I had
My fill, and sweethearts plenty.
Sirens would meet my blushing gaze
With smiles upon their lips—
But that was in the happy days
When girls were wearing hips.

I note the fleeting fashions pass,
And fear I'm getting older;
For now to me the modern lass
Appears a trifle colder;
And every girl I try to catch
Eel-like and slender slips
Right through my fingers—I'm no match
For girls that have no hips!

Yet, though my brow betrays the trace
Of Time's relentless finger,
Still will I wear a smiling face,
For in my heart doth linger
The hope that if I'm quite alert
Some maid of matchless charms,
A! helpless in a hobble skirt,
Will fall into my arms!

J. Adair Strawson.



GETTING "IT" TOPOGRAPHICALLY.

CHICAGO: Sure we've got it. See! But what's the dif. as long as you've got it? If you haven't got it you're at the bottom of the toboggan and can't get out of the road for the next man. Mazooma is the best heavy-weight conversationalist in the ring. If you haven't got it, roll your hoop and quit taking up our time.

BOSTON: Yes, we have been fairly successful so far as garnering some of this world's goods is concerned. And we hope that our success along this line, while not

the consuming and consummating goal of our life, will modestly continue to keep the even tenor of its way.

ST. LOUIS: Aindt we got it? Aindt we earned it? Aindt it in our pockets by rightts? The penitentiary iss still out and we not in are yet, aindt it?

SAN FRANCISCO: Of course we've got it right here in our jeans. Mines is as good as any way, haint they? We got in and grabbed early and we don't care who knows it. And there's more comin', too. We aint out here for our health.

NEW YORK: Beesness is beesness, young feller!—

that's how. Money talks! If you have n't got it, you need n't hang around! Whatcha got to say about it, cully, huh?

Homer Croy.



THIS MAN IS STRAIGHT



WHEREAS THIS MAN IS CROOKED.

KILLING.

PARIS, son of Priam, king of Troy, was among the very first lady-killers to be mentioned in literature. Yet he was no primitive bungler, at that.

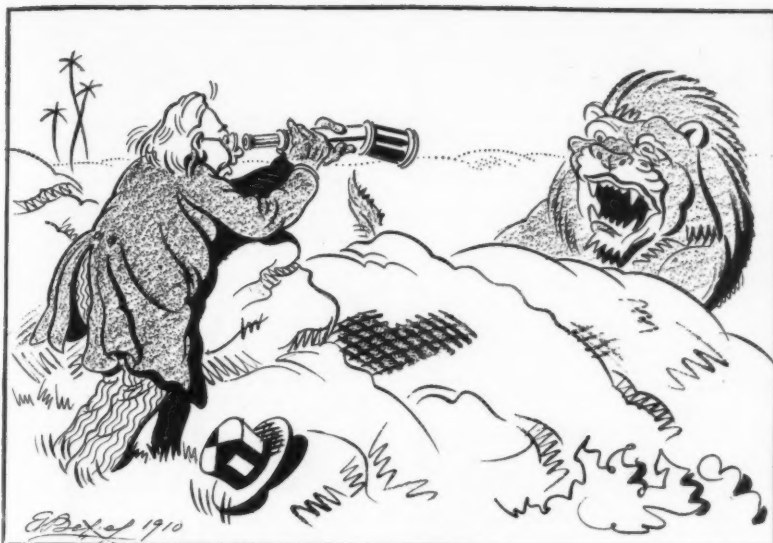
Indeed, such was his skill and finesse, that there became current in the polite circles of antiquity a saying which has endured to our own day: "See Paris and die!"



AT THE MYTHOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

"Teacher, please make Charlie Centaur stop. He's pulling my tail!"

The object of skirts is not, of course, to conceal the fact that a woman is a biped, but rather to reveal it in such a way as to make it a fact of some interest.



NOT YET, BUT SOON.

NEAR-SIGHTED PROFESSOR.—Ah, a most interesting cavern over there, filled with stalagmites and stalactites! I must explore it!



NOT GUILTY.

I've written Yiddish dialect,
And Dago lingo is my vein;
I've told of broken English, wrecked
By Russian, Portugee, and Dane;
My mother-tongue I've coolly slain
The speech of Scottish clans to mock,—
But this is still my proud refrain:
I've never written Baby Talk!

A high-brow pose do I affect—
I've written vaudeville skits for gain
("Dutch comedy," as you suspect),
French dialect, and that of Spain,
With here and there a Bowery strain,
Or slang of "little old New Yawk,"
But prithee, hear me, hear me plain—
I've never written Baby Talk!

I've scribbled "patois" quite unchecked,
But though you take the greatest pain
To search my stuff, you'll not detect
Such babble as "I 'se itty Jane,"
"I finks, don't 'oo, it's don't to wain?"
No, that's my dead-line, and I balk;
I'll not be blemished with *that* stain—
I've never written Baby Talk!

ENVOI.

Friends, maybe all my stuff's inane,
As savorless and dry as chalk;
But this I swear, and swear again—
I've never written Baby Talk!

Berton Braley.



OBLIGING.

HOTEL CLERK.—Hey there! What are you trying to do?

UNCLE EBEN.—Don't git excited, young feller! I jest thought, seeing as how I was prob'ly the last one in to-night, I'd do the right thing and lock the doors 'fore going to bed!



One Telephone, Dumb; Five Million, Eloquent

If there were only one telephone in the world it would be exhibited in a glass case as a curiosity.

Even in its simplest form telephone talk requires a second instrument with connecting wires and other accessories.

For real, useful telephone service, there must be a comprehensive system of lines, exchanges, switchboards and auxiliary equipment, with an army of attendants always on duty.

Connected with such a system a telephone instrument ceases to be a curiosity, but becomes part of the

great mechanism of universal communication.

To meet the manifold needs of telephone users the Bell System has been built, and today enables twenty-five million people to talk with one another, from five million telephones.

Such service cannot be rendered by any system which does not cover with its exchanges and connecting lines the whole country.

The Bell System meets the needs of the whole public for a telephone service that is united, direct and universal.

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Egyptian Deities

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

Their delicate aroma is familiar from the "Avenue" to the Boulevards
Cork Tips or Plain

THE CONUNDRUM CLUB.

It was during the prune course at the boarding-house breakfast-table. The thin man spoke:

"I've got a new one this morning. Why is a one-cent stamp like a sloop?"

"Because," began the stenographer with her eyes on the ceiling.

"No, that's not the reason," said the thin man.

"My guess is because a sale makes it go," suggested the fat boarder at the end of the table.

"Very good," said the thin man, "but not the correct answer."

"Well, we give it up," came in chorus.

"Because it's a single sticker," said the thin man as he began to dodge things.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"A fool and his money are soon parted."

"Yes, but you never call him a fool till the money is gone." — *Cleveland Leader*.



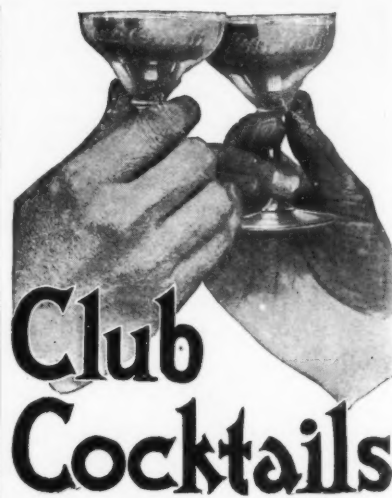
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Simply strain through cracked ice and serve.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN BRO. Hartford New York London

CALEDONIAN CAUTION.

My Flora is a canny Scot—
Too canny, truth to tell—
For though I'd have her share my lot,
She'll no commit hersel'.

I said: "Will you my sweetheart be?"
She answered: "Hoots! You men!"
I pressed her: "Do you care for me?"
She said: "I dinna ken."

"What! Don't you know your mind?"
I cried.
She said: "It's warm the day."
I asked her: "Will you be my bride?"
She said: "I couldna say."

"Come, lassie, shall it be this spring?"
She cried: "You're verra free!"
"Then tell me, may I buy the ring?"
"Man! Please yoursel'," says she.

Before the chancel steps we stood,
St. Giles's kirk intil;
The parson asked me if I would,
Of course I said "I will."

But when it came to Flo's reply,
The nearest she could go
Was just to murmur cautiously:
"I wouldna say I'll no."

—*London News*.

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THE LOVE SCENE.
By Gordon Grant.

Photo Gelatine Print, 12 x 9 in.
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Photogravure in Carbon Black, 11 x 8 in.
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The climax in the use of all-steel passenger equipment is the train composed exclusively of all-steel cars.

The first all-steel trains to be operated on regular daily schedules are the

"PENNSYLVANIA SPECIAL"

"24-HOUR ST. LOUIS"

and

"THE PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED"

The first 18-hour train between New York and Chicago, the original 24-hour train between New York and St. Louis, and the pioneer of all "limited" trains, are the first trains to be equipped throughout with all-steel cars.

All-steel trains mean much to passengers.

They mean greater safety, for they are practically indestructible.

They mean additional comfort, for they are heavier and easier riding.

The "Pennsylvania Special" leaves New York at 3.55 P. M. to-day and arrives Chicago 8.55 A. M. to-morrow; it leaves Chicago at 2.45 P. M. and arrives New York 9.45 A. M.

The "24-Hour St. Louis" leaves New York at 6.25 P. M. to-day and arrives St. Louis 5.25 P. M. to-morrow. The "24-Hour New Yorker" leaves St. Louis at 6.00 P. M. and arrives New York 7.00 P. M. the next day.

"The Pennsylvania Limited" leaves New York at 10.55 A. M. to-day and arrives Chicago 8.45 A. M. to-morrow; returning it leaves Chicago at 5.30 P. M. and arrives New York at 5.30 P. M. the next day.



II.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

A WINNER.

YOUNG LADY (coming with partner from room where progressive whist is being played).—Oh, mummy, I have captured the "booby!"

MOTHER.—Well, my dear daughter, come and kiss me, both of you.—Scraps.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY.—Reginald, I shall expect you to write an essay on the French Revolution.

INDOLENT STUDENT.—Why do you ask me that, professor? Is n't Carlyle's French Revolution good enough?—Chicago Tribune.

HIS LAST MOMENTS.

CHAPLAIN.—So poor Hopkins is dead. I should have liked to speak to him once again and soothe his last moments. Why did n't you call me?

HOSPITAL ORDERLY.—I did n't think you ought to be disturbed for 'Opkins, sir, so I just soothed him as best I could myself.

CHAPLAIN.—Why, what did you say to him?

HOSPITAL ORDERLY.—"Opkins," says I, "you're mortal bad."

"I am," says 'e.

"Opkins," says I, "I don't think you'll get any better."

"No," says 'e.

"Opkins," says I, "you're goin' fast."

"Yes," says 'e.

"Opkins," says I, "I don't think you can 'ope to go to 'eaven."

"I don't think I can," says 'e.

"Well then, 'Opkins," says I, "you'll go to the other place."

"I suppose so," says 'e.

"Opkins," says I, "you ought to be very grateful as there's a place per-wid for you, and that you've got somewhere to go." And I think 'e 'eard, sir, and then 'e died.—Exchange.

STELLA.—Did your father pay your bills?

BELLE.—Yes,—merely said he would veto them next time.—N. Y. Sun.

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Coming!!**

And let me give you a tip

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Caroni Bitters—Sample with patent dasher sent on receipt of 25c. Best tonic and cocktail bitters.
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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts. It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 290 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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WHAT SANDY SAID.

A group of Scotch lawyers were met convivially at an Ayrshire inn one cold evening. The conversation turned upon pronunciations.

"Now, I," said one of the barristers, "always say neether, while John here says nyether. What do you say, Sandy?"

The hot tippie had made Sandy doze, and at the sudden question he aroused and replied: "I? Oh, I say whusky!"—*Lippincott's*.

"I FOUND that our stenographer can't read his notes after they are a day old."

"What did you do? Discharge him?"

"No. We raised his salary and put him under contract."—*Wash. Star*.

TIN-PAN ALLEY TUNES.

["There never was a time in which the tone poets of Tin-Pan Alley leaned so heavily on their more famous colleagues. It is a rare comic song that in these days reaches its finish without a more or less frank transfer of a popular number by some famous composer."—*Editorial in The Sun*.]

All right, Signor, good-day! good-day!
So queeck 's I can I gona 'way,
So dat you need not hear me play
Dees ogly street-pian'.
You theenk you mak' me mad, my frand?
Ah no! I like for shak' your hand,
For dat your soul eet weell no stand
Dese tunesa 'Merican!

Eef you could look at me enside
You see how mooch artista pride
I gotta choka down an' hide
For play dees seelly stuff.
But 'Mericans dey pay for eet,
An' dat'sa mak' my bread an' meat;
I radder work for sweep da street
Eef I could maka 'nough.

Eef I should go for play like deese
Een Rome, where maestro-music ees,
Da leetla boys would growl an' heess,
An' bust my street-pian'.
An' so, baycause your ear ees true,
An' all your soul artista, too,
I go, but keess my hand to you,
O wisa 'Merican!

—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"PARKER has given up all hope of getting a divorce from his wife."

"Why so?"

"He tried the old device of opening the Bible to see what text he would hit, and his eyes met: 'In their death they were not divided.'"—*The Widow*.

W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWED SHOES

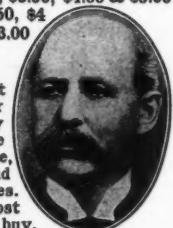
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Cigarettes

GIDDY HARLEM.

OLD LADY (who has lost her bearings).—But, dear me! I'm certain that the last time I was here I went to Harlem that way!

DIPLOMATIC POLICEMAN.—It's right in the opposite direction now, mum. Ye'd be surprised at the changes that's been made.—*Life*.

A LIGHT SUPPORT.

"What is it, do you suppose, keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta.

"I suppose it must be the beams," replied Charlie, softly.—*Shelbourne Falls Messenger*.

ORIGIN OF WAGNERIAN MUSIC.

Wagner had just invented his style of music.

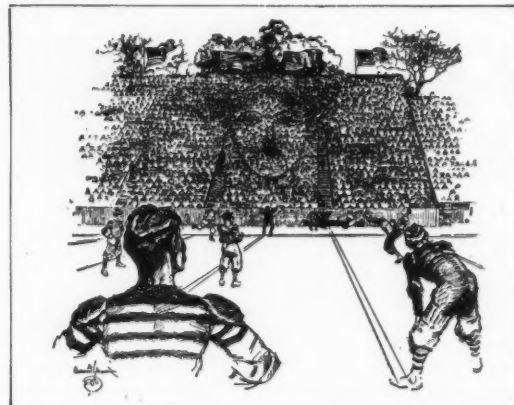
"Got the idea from Republican harmony," he explained.

Herewith he scored a fine boiler-factory effect.—*The Sun*.

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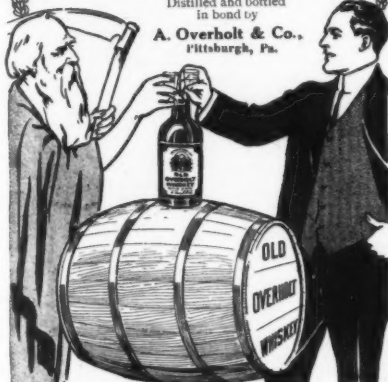
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in bond by
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SUPERSTITIOUS.

"You refuse me then?" said the man on the beach.

"I certainly do," replied the Summer Girl.

"But I have wealth and position."

"I don't care what you've got. I couldn't possibly marry you."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because you are the thirteenth man who has proposed to me this summer." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"He pays me a great deal of deference," admitted the girl's father.

"Yet you seem dissatisfied."

"Yes; I'm afraid that he won't be able to pay any board." — *Courier-Journal*.

Reasons:—

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Right Brewing
Right Aging
Right Bottling

Result:—



The history of Ale progress is in every bottle of EVANS'.
C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.



"WHAT are you in such a rush about?"

"Promised to meet my wife at three o'clock down at the corner."

"Well, there's no hurry. It is n't four o'clock yet." — *Cleveland Leader*.

GETTING POSTED.

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77."

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go." — *Buff. Express*.

"How do you know they're married?"

"Can't you see? He's making her bait her own fish-hooks." — *Detroit Free Press*.

FUDDY. — I saw an excellent article on milk this morning.

DUDDY. — What was it — cream? — *Boston Transcript*.

"Ah!"

COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE

Served Everywhere



"The little dear! It has eyes just like its mother's!" — *Le Rire*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

GAVE 'EM A DRINK.

LADY OF THE HOUSE. — Have you given some fresh water to the goldfish, Anna?

SERVING-MAID. — No ma'am; they have n't finished what I gave them the other day yet. — *Human Life*.

"Half the world does not know how the other half lives."

"Possibly," answered Miss Caustic, "but that is n't the fault of the ladies who get together with their knitting on the piazza at the hotel." — *Brooklyn Life*.

NELL. — My aunt has not only become totally blind, but she is losing her hearing as well.

BELLE. — Do you think she would consent to go away with us this summer as a chaperon? — *Philadelphia Record*.

THEY were having tea on the lawn.

"How many lumps of sugar?" inquired the hostess.

"Two lumps," answered the young man, "and only one caterpillar, if you please." — *Pittsburg Post*.

MINUTE INFORMATION.

"Do you know anything about Mars?" asked the professor.

"Yes," replied the confident student. "It is inhabited by a numerous race of highly industrious people."

"Indeed! And may I ask why you believe all this?"

"Because otherwise it would be impossible for them to build canals as fast as some of our astronomers discover them." — *Washington Star*.

THE COULD N'T-COME-BACK CLUB:

James J. Jeffries. The Pirates. Napoleon. Rudyard Kipling. Halley's Comet. The Democratic Party. Mavourneen (to Erin). My Bonnie. You British Soldier. John D.'s hair. — *N. Y. Evening Mail*.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DECLARATION.

DRUMMER. — Will you be mine? All my life I will worship you from February until April, and from August until December. The rest of the time I am on the road. — *Fliegende Blätter*.

BUNNER'S Short Stories



H. C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
— *Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. — *N. Y. S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. — *Detroit Free Press*.

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You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." — *Boston Times*.

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. — *Boston Times*.

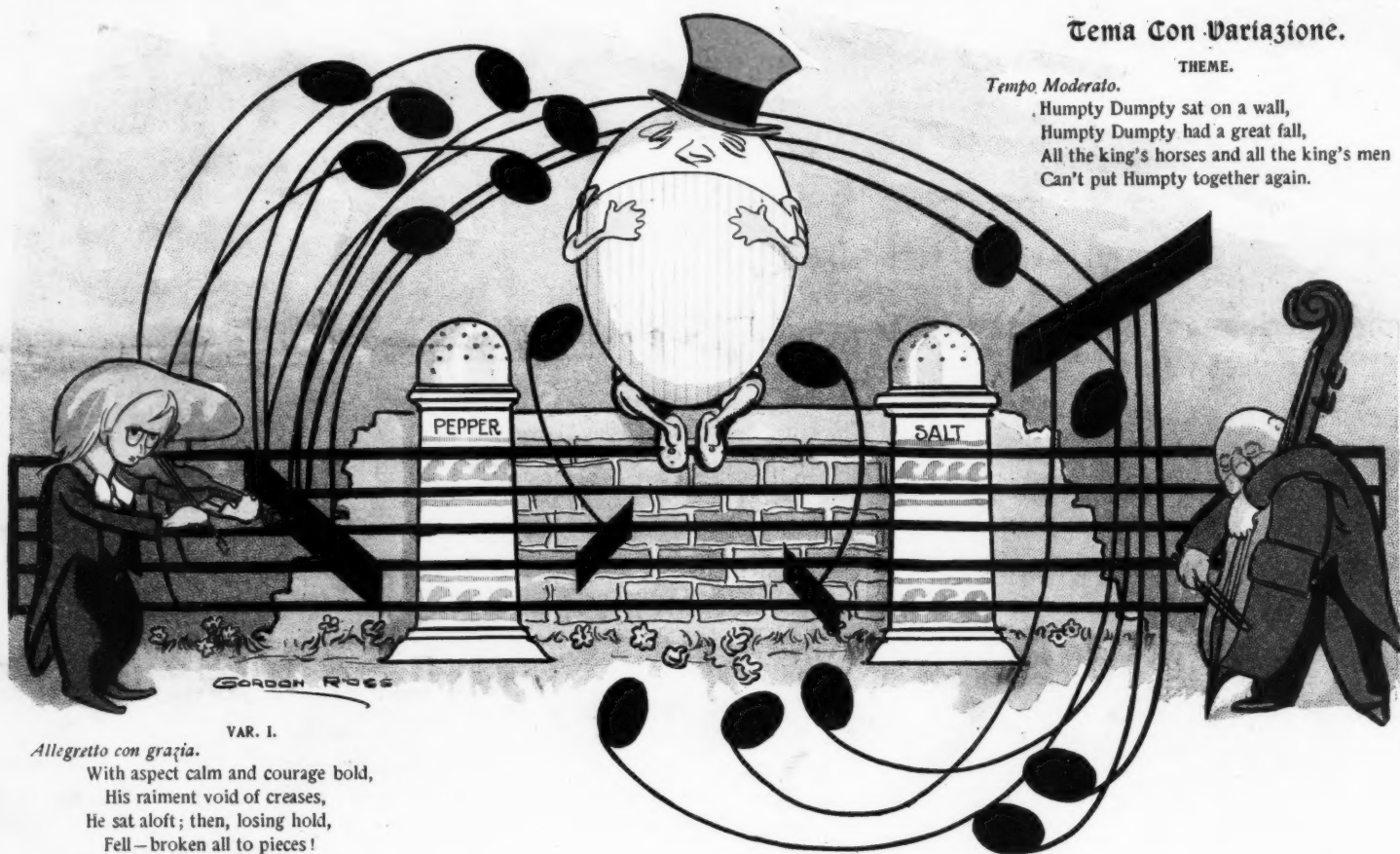
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Tema Con Variazione.

THEME.

Tempo Moderato.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Can't put Humpty together again.

VAR. I.

Allegretto con grazia.

With aspect calm and courage bold,
His raiment void of creases,
He sat aloft; then, losing hold,
Fell—broken all to pieces!

Diminuendo e sempre leggerissimo.

Sweet flowrets now are blooming where
Brave Humpty's rashness slew him;
But never more will he sit there
To let the wind blow through him.

VAR. II.

Andantino Doloroso.

With lofty look and haughty air,
Humpty scorned all thought of care
Till ruin caught him unaware.

(Rapidamente accelerando.)

Then down he went with whirlings dread,
Bang in the dust went heels and head.

(Largo e calmato.)

Kings cannot mend him—he is dead!

VAR. III.

Scherzo.

Frisky Humpty,
Surnamed Dumpty,
Perched up at quite a height,
But lost his grip,
Adown did slip,
And ended "out of sight."

VAR. IV.

Adagio maestoso con molto espressione.

Lament, O Muses, that unhappy day
When Humpty's spirit left its house of clay,
And, fallen shattered from its lofty place,
Launched out courageous in eternal space!

Agitato con passione.

Spring comes once more when winter's chill
is gone,
Again bloom flowers on each luxuriant lawn,
He, he alone, venturist nevermore
From his bright haven on the Golden Shore.

Meditatio e solenne.

The joint endeavor of imperial steeds
With myriad vassals clad in shining weeds,
The wealth of Ormuz and of Ind combined
Could not restore him to bereaved mankind!

Louise Pound.

